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A GARLAND OF NEW SONGS,

CONTAINING

1 The Four Saints.
2 Hearts of Oak.
3 The Cuckoo.
4 Mr Mullins and Miss Whack.

Newcastle: Printed by M. Angus and Son.

The Four Saints.

O WHITE are the cliffs which fair Albion encloſe
Bonny St George and the dragon, O;
Thy boſom the ocean from which it aroſe,
Bonny St George and the dragon, O!
St George was the hero of all the brave knights
She choſe as the champion and guard of her rights;
He invented life's balſam and golden elixir,
And conquer'd a dragon as fierce as Old Nick, Sir.
From foreſtallers that means he gave Albion relief;
Firſt brew'd good October, and roaſted fat beef,
O bonny St George and the dragon O;
O bonny St George and the dragon O;
O bonny St George and the dragon, O.

O ſweetly the harpers of Cambria play,
Arr Hydd y nos;
And Taff, look you, tances on Tavid's good day,
Arr Hydd y nos;
Taff's plood it is noble, and ancient hur race,
And hur pedigree plain as the noſe on hur face,
And hur pedigree, &c.
Arr Hydd y nos.
And St Tavid he taught hur, 'mong other good habits,
To make love and leek-porridge, and cheeſe, and Welch rabbits,
To be prave, and at ſerving hur God not to wince,
To love hur good king, and to honour hur prince.
A leek in hur hat wore St Tavid, O;
A leek in hur hat wore St Taffy, O;
A leek in hur hat wore St Tavid, O;

O canty and braw are fam'd Scotia's lads,
Hey for the croſs of St Andrew, O;
Wi' their bonnets, their trews, and their braw tartan plaids,
Hey for the croſs of St Andrew, O.
St Andrew, gude troth, was a fine learn'd chiel',
Then he'd lilt, play the pipes, and would dance a gude reel;
Wi' the muckle ferrara he gart the foe whiſtle,
And kept them in awe o' the national thiſtle.
His precepts to follow nae Scotſman would lag,
"Ecce ſignum," proud Gallia's invincible flag.
Hey for the croſs of St Andrew, O;
Hey for the croſs of St Andrew, O;
Hey for the croſs of St Andrew, O.

O green are the fields Erin choſe for her part, Sir,
Erin ma voureen, ſays Paddy, O;
And green is the ſhamrock ſo dear to her heart, Sir,
Erin ma voureen, ſays Paddy, O.
St Patrick's the child of her own deareſt hopes, Sir,
And bulls he invented, but not like the pope's, Sir,
And green is the ſhamrock on which her heart doats, Sir,
Erin ma voureen, ſays Paddy, O.
O he lov'd pretty girls, and rich wines, and good dinners,
And the ſaints that do not, muſt ſurely be great ſinners;
Then for fighting, aragh! he was born thro' a charm,
With a twig of Shillaly tuck'd under his arm.
Erin ma voureen, ſays Paddy O;
Erin ma voureen, ſays Paddy, O;
Erin ma voureen, ſays Paddy, O;

Engliſh, Welch Scotch and Iriſh, join hands and all ſing,
Like the bundle of ſticks in the fable, O;
Succeſs to our warriors, long live the king,
Like the bundle of ſticks in the fable, O.

May the Shamrock, the Croſs and the Leek, and the Roſe,
And our four ſaints for emblems that each of them choſe,
Flouriſh happy and long live, like ſiſter and brother!
"Since both all the four have now married each other,"
Our foes find their match when each ſingly they take,
But our UNION's a FIRM all the world cannot break,
Like the bundle of ſticks in the fable, O.

Hearts of Oak.

COME, cheer up my lads, 'tis to glory we ſteer,
To add ſomething more to this wonderful year;
To honour we call you not preſs you like ſlaves,
For who are ſo free as the ſons of the waves.
Hearts of oak are our ſhips, hearts of oak are our men,
We always are ready,
Steady, boys, ſteady,
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

We ne'er ſee our foes but we wiſh them to ſtay,
They never ſee us but they wiſh us away;
If they run, why we follow, and run them aſhore,
For if they wont fight us we cannot do more.
Hearts of oak, &c.

They ſwear they'll invade us theſe terrible foes,
They frighten our women our children and beaux:
But ſhould their flat bottoms in our knocks get o'er,
Still Britons they'll find to receive them on ſhore.
Hearts of oak, &c.

We'll ſtill make 'em run, and we'll ſtill make 'em ſweat,
In ſpite of the devil and Bruſſels Gazette;
Then cheer up my lads, with one heart let us ſing,
Our ſoldiers, our ſailors, our ſtateſmen, and king.
Hearts of oak, &c.

The Cuckoo.

NOW the ſun is in the weſt,
Sinking ſlow behind the trees,
And the cuckoo, welcome gueſt,
Gently woos the ev'ning breeze,
Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo,
Gently woos the ev'ning breeze.

Sportive now the ſwallows play,
Lightly ſkimming o'er the brook,
Darting ſwift they wing their way,
Homeward to their peaceful nook,
Whilſt the cuckoo, bird of ſpring,
Still amidſt the trees doth ſing,
Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo,
Still amidſt the trees doth ſing.

Chearful ſee yon ſhepherd boy,
Climbing up the craggy rocks;
As he views the dappled ſky,
Pleas'd the cuckoo's notes he mocks,
Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo,
Pleas'd the cuckoo's notes he mocks.

Now advancing o'er the plain,
Evening's dusky shades appear,
And the cuckoo's voice again
Softly steals upon mine ear,
While retiring from my view,
Thus she bids the day adieu:
Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo,
Thus she bids the day adieu.

Mr Mullins and Miss Whack.

ON Ireland's ground, seat of true hospitality,
One Pat Mullins liv'd till he died, poor man,
A martyr he fell to his conviviality,
And the last thing he grasp'd was a flowing cann;
'Tis the spirit, my dear,
Of whisky that is here,
Then take Paddy Mullins by the hand;
Let my own spirit move
With the spirit I love,
And Mullins is at your command,
Mister Death, at your command.
Sing Roughinha Stockinha rondelum whack!
Sing Roughinha Stockinha rondelum whack!

Poor Pat left behind to grief's formality—
One ugly ſmall boy—and his name it was Jack!
And he was in love to all diſmality,
With an ugly old maid—they call'd Noreen Whack;
Och—this pretty brown fair,
With her ſooty black hair,
Took little Jacky Mullins by the hand;
But how the folks all ſtar'd,
When this couple were pair'd,
And old Fogarty ſtroak'd his band;
Mr Mullins touch'd the prieſt's hand.
Sing Roughinha, &c.

Then poor Jacky's eye—for Nature's nigrality,
Had ſtinted poor Mullins—and he had but one,
Like a gooſeberry ſparkled, and Nature's liberality
Stretch'd his mouth like a horſe-ſhoe—his noſe it was long;
But then little Miſs Whack,
Had a hump on her back,
And her joints loop'd together on ſlings;
For, between you and I,
She was like a gooſe-pye,
All giblets, and gizzards, and wings,
Miſs Whack, all giblets and wings.
Sing Roughinha, &c.

This ugly ſweet pair—join'd in connubiality,
So neat they agree—like the dog and the cat;
Yet their quarrels are manag'd with ſuch mutuality,
If ſhe raiſes her fiſt—he knocks her down flat;

Cups, saucers, joint stools,
Pots, pans, working tools,
Mrs Mullins whacks at the head of poor Jack;
So let them fight it out—
Break an arm, bruise a snout—
Good night Mr Mullins—and Miss Whack;
Mr Mullins good night, and Miss Whack;
Sing Roughinha, &c.

FINIS.